Mine eyes can reach not these false saints of thine,
Mount we the bank, or some high-shouldered pine,
And I shall see their follies clear !' At that
There came a marvel. For the Stranger straight
Touched a great pine-tree's high and heavenward crown,
And lower, lower, lower, urged it down
To the hcrbless floor. Round like a bending bow,
Or slow wheel's rim a joiner forces to,
So in those hands that tough and mountain stem
Bowed slow—oh, strength not mortal dwelt in them I—-
To the very earth. And there he set the King,
And slowly, lest it cast him in its spring,
Let back the young and straining tree, till high
It towered again amid the towering sky ;
And Pentheus in the branches ! Well, I ween,
He saw the Maenads then, and well was seen !
For scarce was he aloft, when suddenly
There was no Stranger any more with me,
But out of Heaven a Voice—-oh, what voice else ?—•
'Twas He that called ! " Behold, O damosels,
I bring ye him who turneth to despite
Both me and ye, and darkcncih my great Light.
'Tis yours to avenge !" So spake he, and there came
'Twixt earth and sky a pillar of high flame.
And silence took the air, and no leaf stirred
In all the forest dell Thou hadst not heard
In that vast silence any wild thing's cry.
And up they sprang; but with bewildered eye,
Aguy.e and listening, scarce yet hearing true.
Then came the Voice again. And when they knew
Their God's clear call, old Cadmus* royal brood,
Up, like wild pigeons startled in a wood,